

# Three Winter Poems



by Pat Hague

## *Sitting*

In the coldest days of the year,  
Sheltered from the wind and rain,  
Idly I am sitting here to stare  
Through the windows at my bleak domain.  
Time stands still –  
I have hours to kill  
The earth sleeps without a care,  
Trees stand all black and bare  
Dreaming of the summer sun long gone.  
Water trickles down through mud and stone.  
Clouds hang large and low,  
Bringing gloom to all below.  
But it is not all gloom and dead  
For the birds are coming to be fed;  
Pompous pigeons peck at the seed  
And playful tits zoom in on their feed.

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## *Warm Light in Winter*

Now amidst the winter drear,  
At the darkest moments of the year,  
The summer flowering of the lily  
    in the sun's warm light  
Is echoed by the flowering soul in  
    winter's darkest night.

## *Stark Skeletal Trees*

Stark skeletal trees sketch the dark lowering sky  
Sudden dazzling sun flames dead leaves as they lie  
Frost bitten, sodden brown, black and gold.  
We shiver as fingers and toes tingle with cold.  
They tell us old winter has finally come  
And we must seek shelter and safety at home.